White Cloud

The following account of the meets



Kansas Chief.

SOL. MILLER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER. >

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WHOLE NUMBER, 219.

Choice Poetry.

NOT YET.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Oh, country, marvel of the earth! Ob, realm, to sadden greatness grown!
The age that gloried in thy birth,
Ehall it behold thee overthrown? Shall traitors lay that greatness low? No, Land of Hope and Blessing, No!

And we who wear thy glorious name, Shall we, like cravens, stand apart, When those whom thou hast trusted, ain The death-blow at thy generous I Forth goes the battle-ery, and lo! Hosts rise in harness, shouting, No!

The power that rules from sea to sea, Bled they in vain, or vainly planned To leave their country great and free! Their sleeping ashes from below, Send up the thrilling murmur, No!

Knit they the gentle ties which long These sister States were proud to wear, ... And forged the kindly links so strong, For idle hands in sport to tear— For scornful hands aside to throw? No, by our fathers' memory, No!

Our wind-tossed woods on mountain cres The hourse Atlantic, with his bays, The caim, broad Ocean of the West, And Mississippi's torrent-flow, And load Ningara, answer, No!

Not yet the hour is nigh, when they Who deep in Eld's dim twilight sit, Earth's ancient Kings, shall rise and say, "Proud country, welcome to the pit! So soon art thou, like us, brought low?" No, sullen group of shadows, No!

For now, behold, the arm that gave The victory in our fathers' day, Strong, as of old, to guard and save-That mighty arm which none can stay-On clouds above and fields below, Writes, in men's sight, the answer, No!

DEATH OF LYON.

He fell as the beroes of Bunker Hill, of Yorktown, Princeton, fell, fighting for the independence, the Union of his country. The genius of Collins seems to have been aspired by just such men as Gen. Lyon:-

> "How sleep the brave, who sink to rest, By all their country's wishes bless'd! When Spring, with dewy fingers cold, Returns to deck their hallow'd mould, She there shall dress a sweeter sod

"By fairy lands their knell is rung; By forms unseen their dirge is sung; There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray, To bless the turf that wraps their clay; And Freedom shall awhile repair, To dwell a weeping hermit there!"

Select Tale.

THE IRISH SENTINEL.

AN INCIDENT OF GEN. BUTLER'S CAMP.

BY LIBUT. M'CARTNEY.

"Blarrinaigers! but it's tadious work, this sogerin'! What the divil had I to do with this Yankee war, at all, at all, whin by this time me and Nora McHartney might have been married, and enjoy-in' the swaits of blessed love togither, and aitin our mails in paice and quietness, wid a fine prospect of a large family of children fornenst us—instead of bein' left a sorryin' vargin widdy widout me, and me travellin' up and down in these barberous parts, loik a rampin' tiger in a cage. Bedad, it's very foin to be wearin' sojer's uniform, and shoulderin' a musket, tadient to the legs of us; and the divil ona time! Musha, bad luck to the Southerners! and glory be to goodness when they give us a chance to fight!"

So soliloquized Tom O'Brien, as he strode his round at night-one of the advance pickets—weary with watching, and longing for the dawn of day. Every rustle of the leaves in a grove near by, caused him to start and peer into the dark-ness, and level his musket ready for some supposed intruder; and as often would he supposed intruder; and as often would neput his weapon up again, impatiently, despairing of an incident to relieve the monotony of his lonely sentinelship.

"O, that I could take a spy now, and carry him in to Gineral Butler a prison-

et! Nothing worries me, but I'd like to be made a corporal."

At this moment St. Patrick seemed to

him, and in revenge he would reveal him so, and lug him into the woodshed. where there were more than a thousand There let him pass the night. And, Sam, stand of arms concealed in an old house you keep guard over him. In the mornnot more than a mile off. The house was ing you shall see him hang."

aparently empty, but was occupied by "May the divil make yer bed the night, an old man who was in the secret pay of yer honor! Good night." the "seceshers," and who daily made se- The planter's orders were obeyed, and were to be distributed among a rabble from drunk. Baltimore and the surrounding country, and they were to take advantage of the first opportunity to make a sudden midnight onelaught upon the troops outside of the fort, kill as many as they could, then esape as best they might. If Tom would go with him, he would show the house, and he might capture the old man, together with a bag of dollars, which had been left with him for "secesh" purposes. All of which would be a good thing for and shook his head angrily as his master's

"massa sojer." Tom revolved the chances rapidly in be a great offence; but if he captured the musket, while the other slaves went to the presence of Gen. Butler, whose efforts old man and brought in a nigger, too, besides giving exact and important information leading to the capture of a thousand stand of arms, he would not only be pardoned, but promoted-and there was another material consideration, personal to

himself exclusively.
"Whisper, ye black blackguard. Ye're sure about the lag of dollars?"
"True as preachin', massa."

"Not another word out of yer ugly

And he followed the slave in the dark. paths and high woods they went, till Tom I'se reel sorry.'
was not only bewildered but impatient, "Thin - whis and frequently menaced his guide, and and we'll go together, my honey, and I'll Tom O'Brien was promoted to the rank swore he had "thravelled more than tin pardon you for desavin' me. Are the miles already;" but suddenly they struck other nagars aslaip ?" a high road, and near by loomed up an Sam put his fingers on his lips, and An Incident in the Life of Major Ben. ancient, ricketty tenement, half hidden by nodded affirmatively. neighboring trees.

slave, loudly laughing.

Our Irish sentinel found himself suddenly in the strong, unsavory arms of about
a dozen slaves, overpowered after a brief,

"and ye may case him if ye like. Dis child spees to get his free-lom for dis. Massa told me so."

an abode for slaves; while the slave hurried away to his master's house, and soon came back with him.

here the pinioned soldier lay on the floor, them. and a fiendish look of exultant hate was on his face, as he gazed upon the loyal captive; Sam, with a look of hope, standing by his master's side.
"So," sneered Kemplin, bitterly, "you

are caught, my gay bird, are you? "Don't ye see I am, ye darned fool?"
retorted Tom, defiantly, while Sam rolled up his eyes in horror at such sudacity. "And more shame for yees, ye naigar-

dhrivin', murdherin', saffron-colored thaif and be called a son of glory; but it's very of the world! O, wud ye dare to give me fair play, and furnish me wid a big ly knows when I may be shot while I'm stick? May be I wouldn't thry the soundmeasurin' the darkness here three feet at ness of the bones of the whole of ye-bad

"You'll have little more to say in this world," replied Kemplin, savagely. "I'll hang you in the morning, as sure as God's sun rises over these trees. I have sworn And he uttered a horrible oath, while

he gnashed his teeth with rage and impa-

"You've sworn it, hey ?" O, then it's the pious man like you that will be after kapin' his oath. And may be ye'd be tellin' a poor felly like me what for ye swore it, seein' I've a shlight interest in

A shot from the stranger's pistol was

"One of your d-d Yankee vagabonds "One of your d—d Yankee vagaconus shot a brother of mine in Baltimore, and I've sworn to hang every minion of the Union I can catch, who wears your hell-union I can catch your hell-union I can catch your hell-union I can catch, who wears your hell-union I can catch your hell-union I can c

cret observations of the camp, and gave he went home and prepared himself for information to his employers. The arms the morning's murder by getting beastly the morning's murder by getting beastly

Just before he departed, Sam stepped up to him outside the house and asked him when he shoul have his freedom, according to promise, if he succeeded in making a capture.

"You rascal, never! You'd be off and join the Yankees, would you? Mention it again, and I'll have you flayed alive and strange looking pair passed the pickets, pickeled. Remember !" Sam groaned at the threat and the fraud,

steps faded from hearing. his mind. If he forsook his post it would shed, however, armed with O'Brien's the sentinel and his "contraband" were in

> bed for the night. tered, sulkily. "Sam, you ugly niggah, scrutinized the uncouth appearance of the you! You been done a wicked thing. I pair.

won't do it. Sam ! I won't do it." "What are you blatherin' about?" asked O'Brien, overhearing him.

watch by. month. I'll go wid ye! But mind, if ye're playin' me a naigar trick, I'll blow ye to ould Satan himself, the father of all ax him when he would free me, cause 1 face, put on your uniform, and then re-

Over fields, meadows, fences, crooked I'se sorry I brought you here, massa sojer. "Thin-whist, Sam !-unfasten me

much volubility, heaping especial curses on his betrayer.

The command was under Gen. SomerNeumann and Rev. Drs. Ryder and Blox; than John C. Heenan, the Benicia Boy.
The command was under Gen. Somerthe various branches of the Presbyterian When I saw him last, he had not an ounce on his betrayer.

"I'se gwine to call massa Kemplin liable to betray his origin.

"Now," whispered Tom, seizing the "Now," whispered Tom, seizing the

tenshun ! Forward, march !"

And off they started in the direction The prisoner was carried into the old from which they had wandered a few with but trifling resistance. The comhouse, which was evidently set apart as bours before. It was still pitch dark, and mand was then divided, and about 600 half the distance had been accomplished, men marched upon and captured the town of Indiana; Gov. Tazewell of Virginia; as they entered upon a cross-road, when of Guerrero, within the Republic of Mex-Gov. Bissell of Illinois; Hon. W. C. suddenly they saw a dim figure of a man ico. A retreat was then ordered, and the Preston of South Carolina; Hon. S. D. The slave-owner entered the apartment some two rods ahead, coming toward detachment retired within the confines of Ingham, Hon. J. M. Davidson, of Ten-

was in front of Sam, whom he caused to under Col. Fisher, withdrew, and by spestand up close to his back, that if the cial agreement, marched upon the town Island, and the following Pennsylvania stranger approached, the uniform might of Mier. The town was captured, and a celebrities: W. C. A. Lawrence, John

"Who goes there? Answer or I'll detachment. fire !" said the slranger, and the cocking A day or two elapsed before the conof a pistol was heard.

At Tom's direction, Sam answered ov er hie shoulder:
"I'se Colonel Kemplin's boy, Sam

'se gwine on an arrant." The stranger, seeing but one, neared

"Ain't you running off to join the Yankees, you rascal?" asked the stranger. going ?" "To the divil, if he loiks," cried O'

Brien. "And what are yees afther, yerself, prowlin' about like a cat buntin' lover? Answer me, Tom O'Brien, or I'll where the Mexican army was then sta-put a queer bullet troo yer ribs!" "An Irish nigger !" cried the other

amszed. "Where are you from?"
"Don't be too inquisitive, ye spalpeen!
Surrendher to an officer of his majesty Gineral Butler, commandher of Fort

the only answer to the summons

in' daylight shine troo yees. But don't spaik loud, or ye'll bring the other sojers here. O, the blessin' to be able to understand the languages!"

The fugitive soon made himself understood. He said his master had ill-treated him, and in revenge he would reveal him so, and lug him into the woodshed.

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The fugitive soon was daily in yer sojer clothes. It's Tom O'Brien in yer sojer clothes. It's Tom O'

the gun, horse." And with a bound he sprang upon the back of the negro, who showed a decided disinclination to the freak.

"Oh, massa, I can't! I shall drap For sure I shall drap. I'se tired."
"Forward, or I'll have ye hanged ye baste, for sedoocin' a sentinel from his post, whin the precious lives of the whole camp depinded upon him. Forward! Won't ye go-will ye?"

With sundry thumps in his side, Sam was at last persuaded to set off in an easy trot, which in sooth was an easy one. for he was a herculean negro, though not over fond of hard work As the snn rose, the and entered the camp. As soon as it was known who they were—Tom having given a graphic relation of his adventures teps faded from hearing.

during the night—yells of laughter greetle took his station at the door of the ed them on all sides; and in a short time at stern gravity were unavailing, as he "I been done a wicked thing," he mut- heard O'Brien's laughable story, and

"You've had a hard night of it, O'Brien," said the General, "and a narrow escape, which should prove a warning to Sam went into the shed, where a tallow you not to desert your post again, under candle had been left burning for him to any consideration. You have slain a spy, as these documents clearly prove. For "Don't make such a noise," whispered this service, I pardon your disregard of

been gone and tuk you, and he say nebber. port to me. And mind, O'Brien—never I'll run off. I'se gwine. I won't stay. let me hear of you leaving your post again." "Long life to yer honor, I never will."
In a short time a vacancy occurred, and

McCulloch.

musket, with a sly wink, "Battaition, at- longing to the Republic of Texas, had for some time been in the possession of the States there have been many losses. Mexican troops. Laredo was retaken Among them we note: Hon. John Nelson their own Republic, where the command nessee; Hon. B. G. Martin of Alabama; The figure halted. So did Tom, who was again divided, and about 300 men, Judge Boucher of Ohio; C. G. Eastman contribution levied for the support of the Swartz, John Gilbrath, Joseph Fry,

tribution could be delivered, during which interval the Mexican army, numbering 3,000 men, under the command of Gen. Ampudia, arrived, and prevented the delivery of the contributions. Detachments from the Texan band had made forays in our legal arena, we note Judge Peter into the adjoining neighborhood, and seized upon and recovered assessments of horses, mules, &c., from the farmers. "I doubt your story. Where are you These were needed for the defense and escape of the band from the Mexican army. On the evening of the 25th of December. when the men were formed for marching the second time upon the town of Mier, ties who had secured the horses and mule alluded to, and it was then discovered that these men had deserted, and taken with them all the horses and mules—now so necessary, not only for the defense, but escape of the whole force.

Notwithstanding, this little band brav-

ed the attack contemplated, and were ta-ken prisoners. The principal in com-mand of those who deserted, (and took mand of those who deserted, (and took with them the last hope of eteaps,) is now an important officer in command of the army of the "Southern Confederate States," and who command the states, and the

St. Louis, on its way to Connecticut,"- Extract from the Connecticut! find thee an Antique Urn,

The ashes of Lyon to hold-For the soldier whom now his com Was made of the antique mould. Missouri will yet a cenetaph raise

On the field where your soldier fell, Every column of which will atter his praise-Every arch his glories swell. But neither State, whether East or West. For that is as wide as the Union blest,

He so nobly died to maintain. Procure him the Antique Urn, And rest thee assured, in thy State's distress Missourians deeply month,-St. Louis Democrat

"NO! NOT MUCH!"

THE DYING WORDS OF LYON.

"No! Not much!" our brave, heroic Lyon said-Another wound, another life-no me To follow heroes who have gone before, To swell the list of shining names, the dead Who've found upon the field a gory bed. Now from Atlantic to Pacific's shore Pass on the words, amid our cannon's roar-In every loyal print let them be read. From California shall the echo con Prepare the laurel wreath, and shoot the fame Of him whose course was only but begun! But what are deathless honors paid to such? A mourning nation answers, "No! Not much!"

The Dead of 1860.

Pausing on the threshhold of the new year, we cast a glance backward at the roll of names of those distinguished in the various pursuits of life, who

Fear no more the heat of the sun, Nor the forious winter rages : They their earthly task have done.

Naturally we turn first to the losses felt more immediately in our vicinity; from among the number of those who celebrated Christmas in 1859, and enjoyed the festivities of the opening of the new year, eighboring trees.

"Is that the shanty?" whispered Tom.
"Yes, massa, yah, yah!" answered the lave, loudly laughing.

"Strip off yer rags, then. Ye may put on my sojer clothes—there in that corner ing incident in the life of Ben. McCulloch, of Texas:

In December, 1842, a small band of John Binns, John F. Watson, Judge

The tollowing well-known names have the shall be appeared: Henry D. Gilpin, Lewis C. Levin, Judge Joel Jones, Rembrandt Peale, Henry K. Strong, Henry M. Fuller, mine, and he is no chicken, I assure you. In December, 1842, a small band of John Binns, John F. Watson, Judge His life has been an eventact from the tollowing well-known names have the staff. It is an extract from Peale, Henry D. Gilpin, Lewis C. Levin, Judge Joel Jones, Rembrandt Peale, Henry K. Strong, Henry M. Fuller, mine, and he is no chicken, I assure you. In December, 1842, a small band of John Binns, John F. Watson, Judge His life has been an eventact from the tollowing well-known names have the staff. It is an extract from Peale, Henry D. Gilpin, Lewis C. Levin, Judge Joel Jones, Rembrandt Peale, Henry K. Strong, Henry M. Fuller, mine, and he is no chicken, I assure you. In December, 1842, a small band of John Binns, John F. Watson, Judge His life has been an eventact from the tollowing well-known names have the staff. It is an extract from Peale, Henry D. Gilpin, Lewis C. Levin, Judge Joel Jones, Rembrandt Peale, Henry M. Fuller, mine, and he is no chicken, I assure you. the following well-known names have dis-"Howld yer whist, ye woolly-headed me face wid a little shmut. Make a nagar brave men belonging to the then Indesnake, or I'll—murder! who's this?" of me intirely. Do it! By the powers, pendent Republic of Texas, were ordered F. Browne—all of whom, in the domain than a dozen Fremonts. Col. Lander is

The Roman Catholic Church lost Bishop lbs. He is a better made man physically, ed in all about 900.

This town, although within and be- Wm. Neill and Rev. Thos. H. Beveridge. Church lost Rev. George Chandler, Rev. In the political world of the United

Haven; Hon. D. A. Bokee, Gov. Willard, of Vermont; Hon, Benj. Cowell of Rhode State Senator Nunemacher, Samuel D.

Patterson. The United States has suffered the following literary losses: Thomas F. Gordon, the legal author; J. K. Paulding, S. G. Goodrich, ("Peter Parley"), and the Rev. J. H. Ingraham. Of those famous V. Daniel of the Supreme Court, Judge Orleans, are also among the dead. The venerable Joseph Gales of the National Intelligencer also deceased in 1860.

At the head of the roll of military men,

we place General William Walker as the best known. The army of the United States has lost Generals Jessup, Planche and Robert Butler-the latter Jackson's Adjutant at New Orleans-Major Gaines and Major Ormsby, who was killed in a disastrous fray with the Indians in Carson

Valley.

In addition to the death of Peale notice

At this moment St. Patrick seemed to smile on Tom O'Brien, for he saw a dark form emerging from among the trees. His market was levelled in an instant. "Glory I' he muttered. "That's one of them. Who goes there?"

"It sam na, massa," replied an unimistable of the speciality of the

Of foreign celebrities the literary world mourns Mrs. Anna Jameson, the delightful writer upon art, G. P. R. James, the BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON. novelist, William Grimm, the German author, Baron Bunsen, the great seholar and diplomatist, Abbe Huc, the Jesuit Missionary, whose works on Thibet and China have been so popular, Albert

Smith, the comic writer and comedian, Rev. Dr. Croly, author of "Salathiel" and the "Angel of the World," Colonel Leake, the Orientalist, Sir William Napier, Herbert Ingraham, of the London News, Judge Haliburton, Lady Byron; (whose celebrity, however, would have been but as a farthing rush-light, had she not been the wife of the author of "Childe

Harold,") Col. Mure, the geographer. The old world has suffered but few scientific losses-the principal death being that of Sir C. Barry, the English architect, and Joseph Locke, the British engineer. Of musical composors, we observe Jullien, W. Schroder Devrient, L. Ricci, the former being the most familiar name

to American ears. Considering the wars which have been waged in the old world during the past year, the military roll of deaths is not large. Sir Charles Napier and Lord Dundonald head the list, which also contains the name of General Pimodan of Italy, Sir George Simpson and Gen. Sir

H. Smith of East Indian renown. It is placing royalty rather far down in the list to speak of them here, but we have neglected them only to recall the names of those who became famous through their own personal merits. Of the kings and other persons of high station, deceased during the year, we enu-merate: The Tycoon of Japan, Prince Jerome Bonaparte, the Grand Duke of Mechlenburg-Strelitz, the Grand Duchess Stephanie of Baden, the Count of Syracuse, the Shah of Persia, Prince Czartoriski, of Russia, the Duke de Terceira, of

Col. Lander—a Description of Him. the following sketch of Col. Lander, Mr. Potter's second in the difficulty with Mr. Pryor, and a prominent officer of Gen.

cle. He has a good education, and is a nowerful writer in prose and verse, for I were secured by our Government to accompany Gov. Stevens' expedition from St. Paul to Oregon, on what was called the Northern route for a railroad. He acted arrival on the Pacific in Oregon, Gov.

the wagon road in advance of our army, and it is needless to add, that a more arcause, fornooth, he has never learned the humiliating act of "bending the pregnant hinges of the knee, that thrift may follow to support its expenses. I saw them. fawning." Such are the brief, too brief, outlines of the man who has so recently come forward to vindicate the manhood of

come forward to vindicate the manhood of the North.

Col. L. has a sister in Rome, who is the first of the American sculptors among her sex—for there are three American ladies in Rome at present engaged as sculptors.

Miss Hosmer went there first—Miss Lander next—then a Miss Stabbins. Col. L. in Rome at present engaged as sculptors. Miss Hosmer went there first.—Miss Lander next-then a Miss Stabbins. Col. L. is about forty-five years of age, and an me.

To Recorders of Battles-Give speci ttention to Number Won. A Lying Extra-Extra Billy Smith.

The Land of Promise-McClel-Land. A Net for the Rebels-The Bayonet.

To see if yo'd write a few words to me Pat; He's gone for a soger, is Misther O'Connor,

Wid a stripe on his arm an'a band to his hat

n' what'll ve tell him? it eacht to be aire. For such as yer honor to spake wid a pen, An' say that I'm all right, an' that merourner (The baby, yer honor,) is betther agen.

She niver held up her blue eyes to his face; in' whin I'd be crying, he'd look but the wilder, An' say, would I wish for the counthry's diagrace

An' followed the flag wid an Irishman's joy.
O! it's often I drame of the great drams a beati An's bullet goes straight to the heart av me bo

For the rint, an' the doethor's hill doe in a west ! Well, surely, there's tears on yer ayelashes, honey; Ah! faith, I've no right wid such freedom to speak

Ye're overmuch thrifling-I'll not give ye throuble; I'll find some one willin'-oh! what can it be! What's that in the newspaper folded up double? Yer honor-don't hide it-but rade it to me.

What! Patrick O'Conner?-no, no, it's some other; Dead! dead!-so, not him-'tie a week scarce gone by; lead! dead!-why, the kiss on the chake av his moth It hasn't had time yet, yer honor, to dry. Don't tell me-it's not him-O. God! am I crazy!

Shot dead!-oh! for love of swate Heaven, say no! An' what'll I do in the world wid poor Daisy? O! how will I live? an' O! where will I go! I—think—I'll go home;—and a sob, quick and dry, Came sharp from the bosom of Mary O'Connor,

But never a tear-drop welled up to her eye. From the Richmond Broadaxe.

A Remarkable Vision. A friend of ours has handed us, for publication, a copy the vision of Joseph Hoag, well known as a Minister of the Society of Friends, and a man of eminent riski, of Russia, the Duke de Terceira, of Portugal, and the Earl of Aberdeen.—

Philadelphia Bulletin.

Society of Friends, and a man of eminent piety and usefulness. The copy furnished us has been in the possession of Joshua Jeffries, a worthy member of the same Society, for many years, and is undoubtol. Lander—a Description of Him.

The Cincinnati Commercial publishes ed shortly after the date of the vision. but at that time was only regarded as a mere chimera of an excited brain. But since its striking fulfilment in many im-McClellan's staff. It is an extract from a private letter from Washington:
Col. F. W. Lander, is an old friend of with prescience bordering on the super-

> VISION OF JOSEPH HOAG. In the year 1803, probably in the 8th

month, I was one day in the field, and fierce struggle, bound, and only free to use soon encased in each other's clothes, use his tongue, which he did use with and Sam found some black paint with ries and insults so long endured by them. The Roman Catholic Church lost Rishon As I reflected on the singularity of the event my mind was clothed with silence the most solomn I ever remember to have of spare flesh on him—all bone and mus- witnessed, for all my faculties were laid low and unusually brought into silence. I said to myself, what can all this mean? powerful writer in prose and verse, for I have seen both. After he graduated at ——College, he turned his attention to civil engineering, and was employed in building or rather laying out most of the building or rather laying out most of the New England Railroads; After which he went to Washington, where his services times. I took the fathers of this country. from the land of oppression; I planted them here among the forest; I blessed and sustained them, and while they were humble I fed them, and they became a neas engineer and advance guard for that expedition, to the Pacific. After their proud and lifted up and forgotten me who nourished and protected them in the wil-Stevens thought proper, for some trifling cause, to pick a quarrel with Lander, which was finally settled without a duel. After which, Col. Lander selected seven dividing an and protected them in the wilderness, and are running into every abomination and evil practice of which which was finally settled without a duel. After which, Col. Lander selected seven dividing anisit to After which, Col. Lander selected seven men to accompany him to the States. They struck as near as they could, a beeline for Utah Territory. On reaching the chain of the Rocky Mountains, Col. Lander encountered one of the largest of the known grindly have a largest of the lar known grizzly bears, and dispatched him byterian society and went through the S. Beardsley of New York, and the venerable George Griffin of New York. Daniel Fanshaw and Benjamin Levy, two well-known printers and publishers, the first of New York and the latter of New Orleans, are also among the dead. The venerable Joseph Gales of the National Intelligencer also deceased in 1860.

known grizzly bears, and dispatched him single-handed, with one of Colt's six shooters; in fact, he discharged twelve balls into him before old grizzly surrendered.

Col. Lander escaped without receiving language, and those who kept to their original sentiments appeared exercised and sorrowfal. And when the dividing spirit entered the Speigle of Points. friends as "Old Grizzly." He reached Utah Territory with only three men of the seven he started with from Oregon. From Utah he came to the States, where he remained, and spent much of his time in Washington, until our army were order-Washington, until our army were of the washington, until our army were of the speared in the ed to march for the home of Brigham Lodges of the Freemasons, and set the Country in an uproar for a length of time.

Then it entered Politics throughout the United States, and it did not stop until it duous and hazardous undertaking could not well be imposed on any man. His railroad surveys to the Pacific, I believe, have not been published by, or at the ex-pense of the National Government, be to support its expenses. I saw them, take property from Friends to a large amount. I was amazed at beholding all this, and I heard a voice proclaim: "This

> This vision is yet for many days. I had no intention of writing it for many years, until it became such a burden that for my relief. I have so written. JOSEPH HOAG.

The stands in which the rebels have always gained signal victories - luk-